

PURBLE Rocket BLAST OFF

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PURBLE Rocket BLAST OFF

by [MonsterParade](#)

Summary

GO FUCK YOURSELF, MYSELF

(three Shockwaves having sex,
three Shockwaves having sex,
my muscles
my muscles,
involuntarily flex)

Notes

My part of an art trade with shapeofmetal + nvstynvri on tumblr!! This was really, really fun to write, and I did it all in one night, in a sort of horny frenzy. Funnily enough, that's exactly what happened on my last Shockwave fic, too >:/c

It's just...something about him.....

Regardless, this is rather silly, but a lot of fun, and I hope you enjoy!!! <3

Shockwave stared at himself.

More accurately, he stared at...Shockwave. Ah, the multiverse. That was the trouble with experimenting with boundaries that probably shouldn't have been crossed; you ended up finding out things you probably shouldn't have, like the fact that your own alternate-universe self was way hotter than you were.

"Do you really think this is a proper use of our energy and resources?" Shockwave asked...himself. Oh this was going to get confusing. The other Shockwave-- who had earlier informed him that he originated in what he'd dubbed the 'Prime Universe', for reasons he had not yet expanded upon-- looked back at him, looked *down* at him, and responded to his question with nothing more than a minute twitch of his finials, likely lost in thought.

"What would you rather we do?" a voice from behind him interjected. If Shockwave had had a face, he would have frowned as he turned.

Alternate Universe Shockwave No. 2 looked back at him with his claws laced behind his back, looking prim and proper and for all the world *relaxed*, and tilted his rather charming antlered head at him in question, narrowing his strange slit cat's eye. Shockwave assumed it was meant to be a smile.

"We remain trapped here for the time being," the antlered one continued, glancing over the head of his addressee to catch the optic of 'Shockwave Prime'. "The disruptor will take a few cycles yet to locate our original universes, and longer still to forge a pathway to them. I suggest we take advantage of the...*unique* chance this situation presents, as we are unlikely to get it again."

Behind Shockwave (the *first* Shockwave, *Generation One* Shockwave, as he had mentally begun calling himself since this fiasco started), 'Prime' made a chest-deep noise of assent and flickered his optic, his engine audibly humming as he ran his mental calculations.

"I concur." he said, his voice a deep boom that made Shockwave himself just a little envious, "The circumstances that led to this meeting are highly unlikely to be replicable. This is, as they say, a 'once in a lifetime' opportunity."

Shockwave wished, for maybe the first time, that he could blink, simply so he could close his eye and properly communicate his exasperation.

"I think the two of you may not have your priorities straight." he replied. "One of you-- I cannot tell which, but *one* of you-- has been buzzing with charge nearly since we arrived here; don't think I did not notice."

Because it was true-- *someone's* EM field had been playing at the edges of Shockwave's own for upwards of an hour now. Similar as they all were, and as close as they all stood, he couldn't quite figure which of his alternates it was (it felt like his *own* field, really, which was both interesting and faintly uncomfortable), but it continuously brushed against his plating in little prickles of interest, an unashamed flirt, and while Shockwave was admittedly flattered by the attention, *he* still seemed to be the only one with his optic particularly set on escape.

"It simply seems illogical to spend our mutual efforts on *interface* when we could be finding a way to speed up the multi-versal disruption process." he finished, turning his attention to his arm cannon to avoid having to continue to stare up at his counterparts. He fiddled pointlessly at it with the air of someone doing something very important, and steadfastly ignored Antlers as he stepped forward and around him.

"I believe it's two against one," Antlers said, with just the faintest touch of smugness bleeding into his strangely-accented voice. "But we *can* conduct this experiment without you, if you wish."

"We lack a berth," Prime interjected, as Shockwave refused to look at them, and from behind him Shockwave could hear a thin scraping sound that he took to be the slide of claws on his counterpart's chassis.

"The floor will do. Or whatever serves as such, inside this pocket dimension."

Someone's engine whirred rather heavily.

"...I am amenable."

Shockwave pinned his finials back. *Eurgh*. He would *not* have imagined that his alternate universe counterparts would have been so...*charged*.

Ignoring (or at least making an effort to do so) the other two as they came closer together behind him, Shockwave dispelled the static energy that had built along his seams with a quick flare of his plating, his field itching with the nearby clash and buzz, and strode briskly away to give the two some space, heading off into the endless white space that filled their pocket dimension in yet another search for flaws or breaches for escape.

And he wasn't jealous.

Not at all.

Pride was a tricky thing. By all means, it was not logical to base your actions upon senseless feelings imparted by the impressions of others upon yourself-- not when there were more important things to do with your life, than to labor under the attentions of other mecha.

And yet these *weren't* really *other* mecha.

And he *was* jealous. And just too proud to admit it.

Time enough had passed since Shockwave had set off on his own that he had imagined his counterparts would be done with their "experimenting", would have burned off whatever excess charge they had been harboring that had made them so keen upon each other in the first place;

but embarrassingly, that was not so. In fact, when he returned to them, following the sounds of their voices to guide him back to their place in the boundless blank space, Shockwave found that they were *still* engaged with each other, rather deeply, and in fact when he looked he could not see evidence of a single overload.

His field flared with exasperation as Shockwave threw his arms up, in a wordless plea for some sense in this place, and almost as soon as he did so Antlers piped up, from his place being mildly *crushed* beneath Prime Shockwave's massive bulk,

"Did you discover what you were looking for?"

and Shockwave knew he was *not* imagining the smarm in that one's voice, as though *he* held the

high ground here.

"Did you?" Shockwave replied. He meant it to be rhetorical, a passive-aggressive barb at the apparent lack of overload experienced in his absence, but unfortunately he asked the question just as his Prime counterpart sunk his spike into the antlered one's valve, and whatever reply he had been about to receive fizzled out like the bubbles in a forge-date engex to be replaced by only a muted moan.

Shockwave was glad for his lack of facial expression and, indeed, his incapability to blush as he was left dumbly watching the two.

That looked...well, it looked *nice*. Not that Shockwave was wanting for prospective partners! No, no, it was just that...being alone on Cybertron all this time...it got rather lonely after a while. Left him to his own devices. And while most of the time he *relished* the opportunity for what it was, a chance to improve his inventions and his craft, unimpeded by interpersonal distractions-- well.

It had been a long, long time since someone had gone to berth with him. Especially someone with such a nice, *thick* spike (perfectly proportional, really, and unsurprising when one thought about it).

"Query: Do you want to join?"

Shockwave had his attention dragged back to the scene at hand as Prime turned his helm, peering back over his shoulder, and locked optics with him. Underneath him, Antlers wriggled and curved his long neck to get a good look around him, looking distinctly interested. His claws ran lightly along Prime's joints and seams.

"I imagine that we can find room for you, *Shockwave*, if you feel so inclined," Antlers said, with a faint curl of amusement to his field. Prime didn't react to that, but unfortunately, Shockwave himself did; reinforcing the point that they were all, roughly, the same individual, once again drove home the point of how *bizarre* the situation was, and Shockwave couldn't help but to respond in kind, his finials flicking forward and back in mirth.

His counterparts seemed to recognize his reflexive cues.

"... ..I suppose," Shockwave began slowly, keeping his optic on the very slow grind that was happening between his alternate forms, "That it would not be *too* terribly illogical to sate our baser desires with one another. From a perspective of mere convenience, burning off our mutual excess charge may benefit us in the long run." he finally admitted.

Shockwave Prime made a thoughtful noise, and abruptly drew himself up and off of the antlered one, pulling his spike free of his valve and ignoring the offended spit of static that it netted him. His spike bobbed between his legs, shiny with the lubricant of the other, and Shockwave zeroed in on it with embarrassing intensity.

"I theorize that, as alternate iterations of the same individual, we three would also display the same interface preferences and favored techniques," Prime said, "Leading to the optimal satisfaction from the encounter with the least amount of energy exerted."

Oh. That made a great deal of sense. He and his counterparts were not quite so dissimilar after all.

"Logical. The boon outweighs the bane."

Shockwave was suddenly feeling antsy. And it had *everything* to do with the spike on display in front of him. Now that he had convinced himself that this course of action made sense, he was finding it difficult to be patient, wanting his part of this *ménage à trois*.

From where he sprawled on the floor, Antlers made another noise of disgruntlement and raised a foot to kick Prime's leg with a clang, drawing both their attention.

"As thrilled as I am that we are all now on the same page," he said dryly, "I do *not* appreciate being ignored by my interface partner. Either spike me, or we change the arrangements."

Shockwave was already interested, but that interest abruptly increased tenfold as Antlers lowered one clawed servo to his own valve and spread it open to his counterparts, an action meant to entice which he pulled off with *aplomb*. Prime's engine stalled rather hard, and Shockwave felt charge spool out from his spark and settle under his plating at the sight, manifesting itself as a tiny crack and sparkle in his joints.

Rather than return to him, though, Prime stayed where he was and stared down at him appraisingly.

"...Our best course of action would be to focus our mutual attentions on our neglected counterpart. Time and energy will be saved if we all can work towards overload at the same time," he said. The snap of electricity underneath Shockwave's plating grew brighter, surprise tinging his field, as he took his meaning-- and evidently Antlers did too, his provocative pose falling away.

"Yes, I suppose you're right," he agreed thoughtfully. "Come here then, the both of you-- you, behind him, and you, face me."

Just where did he get off, ordering them around? They were all equals; *literally* equals, different shapes of the same spark. Shockwave stiffened minutely in offense, but Prime seemed to have no such objections.

Circling around behind him obediently, Prime came to stand behind Shockwave with an appreciative hum and immediately laid his hand directly on Shockwave's aft, only sheer force of will keeping him from jumping as questing fingers felt for the edge of his modesty paneling. The antlered one pushed himself up off the floor, coming to join them in the front, and just as suddenly as that Shockwave was trapped between the two much taller, much more charged-up mechs, his cooling fans clicking on with a disgraceful little sputter.

He could feel Prime's spike brushing against the inside of his thigh from behind him. He could see the antlered one's slick valve in the front. His own array pinged him insistently.

"Mind your claws," he warned, as Antlers reached out with a sly look in his eye and dragged his claws along the glass window on Shockwave's chest. The tips scraped, but did not cut, and the sensation was enough to warm Shockwave a little, his counterpart surprising him with his overt seduction. *Where* had he learned to act like *that*? It would be unbecoming if he didn't wear it so well.

"We all know we don't mind a little pain," he replied, and of course, he was right. Shockwave flustered, but resigned to allowed their attentions.

There were much worse situations to be in than this.

"Enough foreplay!"

Shockwave considered himself a very patient mech, but with so much charge running through his system he was finding it obscenely difficult to continue to allow himself to be touched, not when those touches were intended only to arouse and not to induce overload.

The hand Prime Shockwave had around his spike gave him a carefully measured squeeze, exerting the perfect amount of pressure to make him squirm-- of course-- and Antlers looked down at him with a hazy sort of gleam in his eye as he dragged his attention away from the transformation seams he'd been fondling to consider him.

Prime dipped his thumb down to graze across the top of his anterior node.

"Personal data suggests you are only at 89% of possible charge build-up before overload." he said bluntly, rolling his node in a firm circle. "...91%."

"*Hh--* I don't *care!*" Shockwave replied hurriedly. "All further charge can be built *mutually* from this point on."

Because if he had to wait much longer for a substantial amount of contact, he thought he was going to go out of his mind. The Prime universe alternate had been correct; they seemed to all have the same pleasure points, as he had assumed, and that meant that they all knew *exactly* where to touch and how hard and *when*, in order to draw out the most latent charge from one another.

The antlered one nodded his assent, much to Shockwave's relief. Apparently he was no more patient with this game than Shockwave himself.

"We are all adequately prepared," Antlers agreed. He stepped back from his two counterparts with a last, lingering caress, igniting a few sharp lines of pleasure in his wake, and then reached down for his own modesty paneling once more and dug his claw into a little groove.

The entire portion of his spike paneling popped off into his hand.

"Manual modesty paneling?" Shockwave asked thoughtfully, even as he watched the other's spike extend from its housing almost painfully fast. "Your universe must be *very* behind the times."

"I *am* about to spike you," Antlers warned him in reply, "We should keep the passive-aggressiveness to a minimum."

Point taken. Shockwave did not chase the point.

"And what of him?"

Shockwave tipped his head backwards to indicate his counterpart behind him, and said counterpart instantly replied,

"You will spike me. Come. It is time we began."

Shockwave exchanged a look with his antlered alternate as Prime released him and made his way to whatever he deemed to be a suitable space for their activities, the two of them watching with interest as he made himself comfortable on the ground-- but neither did they dally once he was settled, joining him together and hovering above his prone form for direction.

Prime swiveled his audial fins forward in what was apparently the only expression of interest he was intending to give.

"Smallest alternate counterpart." Prime said, "My valve is sufficiently lubricated. You may commence," and with that his valve cover transformed back and away, baring himself to the scrutiny of the others as they all watched each other with equally blank expressions, unbefitting of the situation.

It was a lucky thing that it bothered none of them. Other mecha didn't usually take it so well.

Shockwave lowered himself down onto his knees and knelt over his larger self obediently, aware of his own limits and choosing to apply them to his counterpart as well-- he did not beat around the bush. There would be no more gentling touches between them; Shockwave lined his spike up with the other's valve and immediately pressed himself in, an identical shudder moving through the both of them in a wave from one to the other.

Plush, wet heat; slick mesh surrounding his spike as Shockwave sank himself in all the way to the hilt, not bothering to ease his way when he knew Prime would want the full of him on the first stroke, just as he did. It was awfully convenient to know these things.

"Your turn," Prime prompted, sounding not at all affected as he gestured to the antlered Shockwave with a minute flick of his wrist. Shockwave himself was busy enjoying the clench and press of his companion's valve, unable to hold his hips perfectly still and instead rocking into him in tiny thrusts just to tide himself over-- and thus was preoccupied enough that the first push of the antlered one's spike against the rim of his valve was enough to startle him, despite the fact that he'd known it was coming.

"Oh!"

"Relax," Antlers urged him, giving him no time to settle and rubbing the head of his spike against Shockwave's tight valve until the first inch of it popped in. Shockwave did *not* moan; but he *did* make a sound that he wished he could snatch right back into his vocalizer, and that was almost as bad. He would have been embarrassed if he wasn't suddenly clenching down on the spike inside him like his life depended on it.

Antlers made a static-fuzz sound and grabbed hold of his hips from behind, keeping Shockwave from squirming as he gave him the same treatment Shockwave had given to Prime. Shockwave, smaller than both of his counterparts, had a slightly harder time taking the whole of the spike that was pushing into him, and halfway through the press of it was reduced to moaning-- Antlers only reacted by clutching him harder and snapping his hips, forcing himself in the rest of the way and stammering weakly as he bottomed out.

His momentum carried through Shockwave and jerked him forward, sliding his spike back into Prime to the base once again, and in a moment of eerie synchronicity, all three groaned out their pleasure in sounds that differed only in pitch.

"You're-- *unusually* tight," Antlers commented, his voice a little strained as he pulled Shockwave back, halfway out of Prime and onto his spike, and then fucked him back in again. "Do you-- oh dear, you're *ridiculously* tight-- how long has it *been* for you?"

"None of your business." Shockwave replied testily. His cool tone was undercut by the way he

shivered. "Focus on the matter at hand."

"Agreed."

"Agreed."

The three of them quickly found a rhythm for their interfacing once the initial chatter had subsided.

Prime had found that grabbing and holding one of Shockwave's legs out to the side granted him a good angle; it left Shockwave's top half rather slumped across Prime's chest, his spike insistently dragging across a particularly good series of sensors on the roof of Prime's valve, and it had the bonus effect of doing the same for their antlered companion behind him. Antlers would thrust forward hard, rocking all of them forward, and Shockwave would simultaneously fill and be filled as he was rutted into the silky clench of Prime, drawing a choked-off sound from him as he was assaulted by pleasure from both sides every time. Then, Antlers would pull back slow, allowing Shockwave to move himself and roll backwards against him, out of Prime-- and then the whole movement would start back over again.

Prime himself seemed to be content to take a much more passive role than his companions, simply lying back and allowing himself to be pleased while the other two exerted themselves. Occasionally he would give a sigh, gusty and deep-- but that was as much noise as he ever made, and it was only through the hum of his EM field and the way he bore down on Shockwave's spike that Shockwave was even able to tell he was enjoying himself.

On the opposite end of that spectrum, Antlers preferred to rut him like a mechanimal.

His claws would dig and bite into plating, holding Shockwave fast, and he would hunch over him with strange gangly limbs and snap his hips like rubber, his vents hissing hot air. Shockwave was left tossed back and forth between two partners whose differences were difficult to simultaneously manage, his spike and valve throbbing in sync while he was fucked into and against. It left him unable to get a handle on the sensation, and so, naturally, *he* was the one who began to approach overload first.

"Your spike is twitching," Prime noted blankly, even as he clenched down on Shockwave's spike to make him shudder with pleasure. "Do you approach overload?"

"Ma-- *ah!*-- maybe, i-if I...oh, there!"

Shockwave pressed his hips back against Antlers' as the spike inside him pressed against a particularly sweet spot, his leg still held firm by Prime's servos and leaving him unable to squirm the way he wanted to. The antlered one's field flared with charge, his rhythm changing as he obligingly sought to find that spot again, and it was with muted surprise amidst the swirl of sensation that Shockwave felt a small swell start to bump against the lips of his valve.

Shockwave scrabbled one-handedly against Prime's torso as his sensors lit up hard again.

"You have a *knotting mod?*" he managed to hiss out, feeling his own spike start to leak excess lubricant with imminent overload. "That is-- *incredibly* illogical. A waste-- waste of time and resources. Why-?" he trailed off.

He didn't have any plans to discourage the modification, though. In fact, the idea of it rather *excited* him.

...Ah. Perhaps that was why.

Prime's optic lit up in obvious interest at Shockwave's comment, but he did not interject, rather he chose to raise his hips and force Shockwave back further onto Antlers' spike, his own valve already as stuffed as it could be.

Antlers lowered his helm almost to the back of Shockwave's neck and managed a quiet chuckle.

"It was at the request of Lord Megatron." he muttered.

"Lord Megatron?"

"You're *interfacing* with *Lord M--*"

The knot popped in. The bizarre sensation of being so abruptly forced open shook Shockwave's words apart, turning them into a static screech, and he shook uselessly as overload suddenly and inexorably overtook him in a swell of charge that even offlined his optic. His valve clenched down around the bulge holding his companion seated, drawing an appreciative moan as the antlered Shockwave enjoyed the delicious tightness into which he had rooted his spike. Prime gave no more than a soft grunt as his valve was pumped full of transfluid, reaching down to rub his own anterior node, and after a few moments of furious grinding, reached his own overload as well.

They could not have all synced their overloads better if they had tried.

The result was a mess of clanking plating and valves dripping transfluid, all three of them twitching their way through their respective highs as Prime tossed his helm and sighed and Shockwave spit white noise from his vocalizer. Antlers, coming down first, gave his spike a cheeky tug and listened to Shockwave yelp as his knot pulled at the rim of his valve, and Prime was treated to one final spurt of transfluid, joining the rest of the mess deep in his valve.

There was silence for a few long minutes, as all of them reoriented themselves.

Then, a vocalizer cleared with a crackle of sound;

"Initial test trial successful. All iterations of Shockwave achieved overload. Note: Overload was achieved simultaneously, despite no preparation or intention for this occurrence. Further testing required."

Shockwave let himself slump as Prime droned on to himself beneath him, his array still twitching with the last vestiges of charge.

Yes, further testing would *definitely* be required.

These things had to be catalogued.

...For *science*.

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